Who hath access to the universal mind is a party to all that ls or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent."

Pleads Swami Paramananda. It is the "Sun of Understanding" which melts all coldness in the human heart and unites us. We are destined to be drawn together more and more. I hope and pray that it may be the will of the Father of Light to eliminate the fictitious barriers which exist between the East and West and enable us to meet in one universal Truth."

Only upon such philosophy is there the possibility of *perfect unity in variety* by which permanent synthesis of cultures may be achieved. —M. S.

NOTE: The reason for the inclusion of simple contemplative statements, prayers and songs in HOPE should be explained to our gentle readers.

Knowledge, like faith, without works is dead. *It is the necessity of incorporating the knowledge we receive into contemplation, prayer and action which make such knowledge of practical use to us.* For instance, a prescription filled at the drug store cannot help the patient unless he digests and assimilates it. The finest meal laid before a hungry man cannot keep him from starving unless he eats it. Philosophy, metaphysics, any phase of truth is not *to be admired,* not to satisfy a certain gluttony of the mental body for more knowledge, but rather to give an active, practical principle *which to give assistance, must be applied* through the individual's own thought, spoken word, feeling and action. It is suggested that such adorations, prayers and songs be not only read but pondered upon until the truth within them lifts the feelings, illumines the mind and, finally manifests as actual physical blessings in the mind, body, world and affairs of the reader. Thank you so much|

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HOPE

HEALTH OPULENCE PEACE ENLIGHTENMENT

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MY PRAYER

To be content,
To dry my tears,
To show forth love,
To drop all fears;
To feel the thrill
Of life divine,
To recognize
That power is mine;
To know the Christ
And with Him talk,
To look for good
Where e'er I walk;
To do with joy
Each hourly task,
To live the life—
'Tis this I ask.

To banish pain,
To cheer the world,
To see the flag
Of Truth unfurled
Til every soul
Is made to see
And know its own
Divinity;
To realize
That in each land
All strife shall cease
And love shall stand
Proclaiming peace
Upon the air
Thru all the years—
This is my prayer.

ERMA W. WELLS in *"The Shining Heart"*

Also in this issue:

PARABLE "THE ROPE AND THE RIVER"
THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD
THE SPIRIT OF THE HOME
THE CHALICE OF COMFORT

WORDS TO LIVE BY

By R. Hillyer

"I was angry with my friend—
I told my wrath, my wrath did end."

I have found these lines in a poem by William Blake are well worth remembering. Often they have helped me meet the little but galling irritations which arise because of something that somebody has said or done to me.

It is so easy to misinterpret the words and deeds of others. Conversely, one must be a very tactful person indeed to avoid offending someone else in the course of a busy day. When such slips occur, it is all too easy for the victim to nurse his pride in silence and cultivate the seeds of enmity with a thousand midnight suspicions. The next two lines of Blakes poem tell what happens if you follow the opposite course:

"I was angry with my foe.
I told it not, my wrath did grow."

So unless you really wish to nurse your wrath, letting your good friend become your bitter enemy—and that is a very grave decision—you had better gently let him know, at once, what is on your mind. Or if you cannot tell him, tell God in the privacy of your heart's chamber and let the peace of relinquishing wrath enter your heart and soul and body.

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EDITOR: LATHAM BEY *MANAGER:* HELEN A. NEW

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This non-sectarian magazine is consecrated to the service of helping every man to come into closer communion with his God. There are many Paths up the Mount of Attainment! Behind and within all religions is the basic truth that God is Love—the only Source of *your* health, opulence, peace and enlightenment.

The Parable of the Rope And the River

Long and profound had been my meditation, so profound that I was transported in consciousness to a garden in a country far away from my dwelling-place. I stood beneath the spreading branches of a great cedar tree watching and waiting, knowing that I had come to this sanctified place for a purpose.

Presently, towards me along one of the paths, came that Great One Whom I had always desired to serve. As He approached, I was dazzled by the resplendence of His aureole, which was of surpassingly beautiful colors suffused with gold.

He embraced me and said: "My son, wouldst thou serve Me?" I answered: "Gladly, ay, more than gladly, if only I may know in what way it lies in my power."

He smiled and said: "I will tell thee a parable. Know that once there were two countries. The one was a land flowing with milk and honey; the other was an arid region, full of strife and unrest. The one was called the 'Land of Bliss' and the other was called the 'Land of Woe'. Between these two countries was a swift, wide and dangerous river and many who sought to cross that river lost their lives in the attempt.

One day, there came a man who, because of his love for the people, said: 'Lo, I will endeavor to place a rope from one bank to the other. Even if I lose my life in the attempt, what matter, for others will hence forward be able to cling to the rope and so cross the river in safety.'

So saying, that man proceeded to carry out his design. Having procured a rope, he fixed one end to a tree and made a noose at the other, plunging into the current to battle with the waves.

While he was thus battling, some hunters who had come to the bank shot at him with their arrows and mortally wounded him; for amidst the spray and the splash of the waters they deemed him to be some animal and not a man at all.

Nevertheless, with a last and great effort, he managed to

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throw the noose of his rope around the stump of a tree ere he sank beneath the currents. Thus had he carried out his design, though he lost his life because of those hunters and their lack of discernment.

Now when the people saw what had happened, they began to worship him as a hero, saying: 'He died to save us and so is he worthy of our adulation and love.'

Yet, although they worshipped him, only a very few attempted to cross the river, for they said within themselves: 'Even though the rope is there and we cannot drown if we cling thereto, yet are the waters cold; the river is wide and the trouble of crossing is very great.'

So in the course of time, the rope was almost forgotten; moreover, through disuse it had become covered with weeds and entangled in the fallen branches of old trees, so that hardly did it look like a rope at all.

But the worship of that hero continued nevertheless; monuments were erected to his memory and people sang songs of adulation to him, praying to him because of his great love for them.

Then as a second and third and fourth generation of men came into being, there arose "wiseacres" and orators and men of learning; and of the hero they preached, how he had died to save others; but of the rope across the river they never spoke. *Now it had been forgotten altogether!*

So great was the confusion by reason of their arguments, oratory and teachings, that finally many superstitions came to be, both among themselves and among their hearers. Only the very few were able to discern between folly and truth.

Thus was much discord sown amongst them, so that they quarrelled and fought; and those few who were able to discern the truth, they persecuted and reviled, so that the country called the Land of Woe became more stricken with sorrow and unrest than already it was.

At last a body of orators arose and cried: 'Why this strife? All that is needful is to worship this hero as a god and to believe that he died to save others. Lo! when we ourselves die, we

shall go to the country called the "Land of Bliss' without any trouble at all. Although our bodies cannot float across the river while we are alive, our souls will float across it when we are dead. Moreover, so great were his love and power and heroism, that all we ask of his spirit he will surely do, if we but shower enough love upon him in return.'

Then when the populace heard this, they were overcome with exceeding joy and heaped honors upon those orators, saying: 'Great is their wisdom, for they have shown us an easy way. Simple indeed is it to worship and to pray and to ask our hero to save us when we die; so now let us eat, drink and be merry and make the best of our sojourn in our Land of Woe.'

Meanwhile, the spirit of that hero looked upon his brothers with sadness in his eyes, as he listened to their prayers and petitions into their ears he whispered: 'My children, ye do err; for verily I *lived* to save you. *My death was but an incident of my attempt and can never be the cause of your salvation.*

'Alas that ye shoud have forgotten the rope which I placed across the River between the Lands of "Woe" and "Bliss," *for to that end did I come and to no other.*

'Although because of my love for you my Spirit is close to you and would fain comfort and cheer you in your adversities, *yet carry you across the River I cannot,* however much ye may pray and implore!'

However, although that hero spoke to them thus, yet too loud did they utter their prayers and petitions to hear the *'still small voice'* of his Spirit; so did they *remain* in the 'Land of Woe.'

Then the Radiant One said, as He smiled: "And now that is the end of My parable and its name is 'superstition'."

I said: "Master! Have I understood Thy parable aright; and do I divine correctly its meaning? For those who come to regard the non-essential as the essential and to act accordingly, verily are they tainted with superstition?"

He answered: "My beloved, thou hast spoken truth. Moreover, *know that each one must carry out his own salvation.*

"Nevertheless, thou canst help thy brethren and in helping

them thou canst serve Me. *For know that the greatest and best of all help is that which inspires man to help himself.*"

I answered Him: "O Master, to this end didst Thou come, but man has failed to understand."

He answered: "Again hast thou spoken truth; for verily I have been misunderstood. Yea, *from the very first I have been misunderstood and My Mission also, which was to show humanity 'The Way.'*

I have been misrepresented even by My own chroniclers, portrayed as addicted to anger, conceit and gross self-aggrandisement; as one who worked wonders to exhibit his own powers; and many other things *which have no foundation in truth.*

Yet in spite of ascribing to Me these iniquities, men have wanted to transform Me into the *only* Son of God and have quarrelled over Me. Behold! *even now they still dispute over the manner in which I should be worshipped.*

Nevertheless, did I not remind them that they were all gods? I tried to lead them to the understanding that even the smallest and the lowliest is a Son of God; *because every existent creature lives and moves and has his being in God.*

O, My beloved! dost thou think that He *Who came because of Love* could care one whit by what name He be called or what title He be given; for, verily, how should a man who set store by such fulsome things teach to others humility, modesty and all those qualities which go to engender happiness and peace?

Yea, often have I said: 'My children, can it profit you one iota to deluge Me with your flatteries and to call Me high-sounding names; for what can it matter who I am, so only ye follow those Golden Rules which I (and others before Me) have laid down.

Verily, I came to show you the way to Peace, but that way is through the education of the heart and the will to love all beings. To this end I gave to My disciples many sayings; but in spite of My warnings man has interpreted those sayings by the "*letter*" instead of by the "*spirit*" and made of them

a plea for all manner of evil things; for hatred, warfare, cowardice, uncharitableness and bigotry.

Mankind has not followed My precepts, *because it has not understood those precepts, nor how and when to adapt and apply them.* Yet all the time it deems it *is* applying them and so is blinded by its own imagined virtues.

He who has found bliss desires that others should find bliss also and, verily, *Christhood is that bliss* which nothing can take away.

Behold! Christhood is also salvation or liberation of the soul —union with the ONE Divine Consciousness, *which erstwhile I called 'the Father'.* Verily, consciousness is ONE; I am in all; all are in Me; and ye all are in one another. Because some of my followers, leaving the things of the Spirit, have become of the Earth—earthy', they have lost the key to My sayings and the sayings of Those Who came before Me. They have read with the eyes of the flesh instead of with the eyes of the soul.

For know, O My beloved, that Those who came before Me also pointed the way to Christhood, only They called it by different names. Yet, that mankind should not wrangle over names, did I not say: 'Other sheep have I that are not of this fold?

Ah, truly have I been misunderstood! Have I not also been called 'The Man of Sorrows'? How could a man who is sorrowful himself teach others the way to bliss, since 'the blind cannot lead the blind', as I said long ago? Could even those afflctions heaped upon Me by an uncharitable world mar that unconditional inner peace which the world cannot take away?

Now the Cross! Ah, little has humanity understood the symbol of the Cross which signifies the crucifixion of the lower nature in order that the bliss of the higher nature may be attained and which everyone must undergo if he would attain to Christhood Itself.

Therefore have I come to thee—that I might bring back many things to remembrance and that those who shall read may be comforted in these days of tribulation."

So ending His Discourse, that Radiant One took me by the hand and I returned to my outer consciousness in His loving care.

THE GREAT WHITE BROTHERHOOD

"In My Father's House are many mansions. . . ."—Jesus. This statement has been quite thought-provoking to mankind all through the centuries. Did you ever stop to think "What are these 'mansions' used for? Who lives in them?" Well, *if we do think a moment,* we shall *know* that an All-wise Heavenly Father would not create empty dwellings for no purpose, using the precious substance of the Universe for some *future* use. No! He has created them for *present* use for Those Who have fitted Themselves to abide therein, by service to Their fellowman. The purpose of all physical embodiment on Earth is for mankind to prepare itself for permanent living in such "mansions" when its Earth course is run.

Some of the members of the race Who have been in embodiment on Earth in the past, living but to serve mankind and better its common lot (through teaching and example) *now abide* in these "mansions" permanently. These individuals have perfected and freed Themselves from the limitations of the human race by the balancing of the energies of Their life-streams through service to others. These, then, become the "Elder Brothers" and "Sisters" of the peoples and from then on They live but to assist the "younger children" (shall we call them) of the Father's household—those still embodied on Earth and not yet freed from human bondage. These "Elder Brothers" endeavor to raise those still here who are willing to accept Their help to a greater expression of their own talents and capabilities. This is done through radiation and inspiration.

When this "Elder Brother" has achieved His freedom from the limitations of the race, He then continues to work along the lines of His choice in the Higher Realms. Here He is able to expand the talent which He had already begun to perfect on Earth, using His consciousness *now fully developed.*

Surely, no thinking person would believe that one like Roger Bacon, Francis Bacon or Saint Francis of Assisi would abandon the Earth and all They loved upon it just because They had "dropped" the garment of human flesh which had girded Their spirits 'round. As we said above, in the fuller and freer expression of life in these "mansions", these "Elder Brothers" continue Their particular type of service. The benefits and results of Their expanded research are then lowered as *ideas* into the receptive consciousness of some members of the race of like interest, still embodied on Earth. These "receiving" members of the race, according to their receptivity, then develop the "seed ideas" given them from above through radiation and inspiration, the race itself being the beneficiary of the spiritual partnership between the two Realms of consciousness. Do you see?

Thus, a Robert Fulton receives and develops the idea of a steam-boat; an Alexander Graham Bell develops the telephone; a Marconi develops the "wireless" and so on, ad infinitum.

This is a day of "specialization" rather than generalization. In the medical profession, the various illnesses of the human race are studied by men and women who concentrate upon one particular subject. Thus they become more proficient in understanding, gain more knowledge and develop greater efficiency because of that very freedom to concentrate upon the alleviation of a specific disease. The general practitioner who had to "spread himself thin" in dealing with all matters pertaining to the minds and bodies of his patients, had to sacrifice the time and energy which would have allowed him to gain greater insight into some specific ailment.

In the realm of these "mansions", also, there are "Specialists" Whose entire existence is dedicated to a particular line of service which can benefit the human race. They use their time, energy and consciousness to develop these services and then endeavor to impress upon people in their own fields in the world of form, the illumination They have gained.

One such member of The Great White Brotherhood is the one known in Biblical times as Saul of Tarsus. Upon the completion of His life on Earth, He was "taken up" (like Elijah) into the Kingdom from whence He now continues to serve mankind. Because He was so filled with remorse over the persecutions which He assisted in inflicting upon the early Christians, such as the stoning of Saint Stephen, (due to His own doubts which prevented His acceptance of the Christian Religion at first), He offered to give particular help to agnostics, skeptics and those disillusioned by the insincerities of various religious leaders, sects and doctrines. His service is also

to oversee the ministrations to mankind through the medical profession. In the Kingdom, He is known as HILARION.

In some of the "mansions not made with hands", Hilarion supervises the activities of those individuals who have like interests and are still desirous of serving the race, although they have had to pass from the Earth (through so called "death") for a time. Here, many inventions, experiments and endeavors of scientific research are completed. Here, many prayers go up for the doctors, nurses and those who offer their services in ministration to the needs of the race. From these "mansions" many Angels of Ministration, Protection, Inspiration and Faith go forth to stand in the amosphere of individuals who sincerely desire Supernal aid. The radiation of these Angelic Beings is absorbed by the outer mind of the one still embodied who then proceeds to carry out that idea, ofttimes thinking it came from within himself.

If you know of anyone serving in these professions or any individual who feels he cannot subscribe to some religion wherein faith, comfort, healing and peace can be found, pray to Hilarion and that will bring the added strength of His life and light and that of His fellow-workers.

When in need, man is willing to accept the kind offices of his friends. Why does he, then, deny the services of Those Who have a greater capacity to give assistance, just because *the form* has released the soul? These members of The Brotherhood are just as real as life itself (which is invisible); as love itself (which is invisible); as faith itself (which is invisible). TRY to raise your heart (feelings) to Those Who dwell in the "mansions"" to which Jesus referred and *find out for yourself* the reality of Their Presence!

SUGGESTED PRAYER

"Beloved Presence of God, through Your obedient Servant Hilarion, bless without limit all scientists, members of the medical research profession, doctors, nurses and missionaries all over the planet—all who seek to alleviate the distresses of mind, body and feeling world of the race.

"Beloved Hilarion! Bless without limit all the souls of man who have not found their way to the Presence of God! Take from their souls, minds and worlds all the bitter disillusionments that cause agnosticism and unbelief. Help every individual on Earth to seek and to find the particular Pathway HOME to which his heart can ascribe!

THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH

The famous Hippocratic Oath, which follows, while primarily dealing with medicine, might well be applied to all types of professions and cover the code of obligation to all teachers, secular and religious:

"I swear by Apollo Physician, by Asclepius, by Hygiaega, by Panacea, (note: By the use of these Names, acknowledgment of members of The Brotherhood is given here) and by all the Gods and Goddesses, making *Them* my witnesses that I will carry out, according to my ability and judgment, this oath and this indenture. *To hold my teacher in this art equal to my own parents; to make him partner in my livelihood; when he is in need of money to share mine with him; to consider his family as my own brothers;* to teach them this art if they want to learn it, without fee or indenture*******I will use treatment to help the sick according to my ability and judgment, but never with a view to injury and wrongdoing.******* *I will keep pure and holy both my life and my art.*****Whatsoever I shall see or hear in the course of my profession as well as outside my profession in my intercourse with men, if it be what should not be published abroad, *I will never divulge, holding such things to be holy secrets.* Now, if I carry out this oath and break it not, may I gain forever reputation among all men for my life and for my art; but if I transgress it and forswear myself, may the opposite befall me."

The Spirit of the Home

"Bless this house, Oh Lord we pray,
Keep it safe by night and day . . ."

The home is the Sanctuary for the family against the vicissitudes of life and against the varying pressures of the elements. It is a real and palpable entity created by the desire of its members for security, unity and safety. The home is born from the minds and hearts of men. From this desire, the idea of a personal or family unit is woven into a mental picture of

the type of dwelling into which human beings together may work out a constructive, happy pattern of daily living. Then the mental picture is fed by the deep feelings of all concerned and, finally, the actual substance of stone, brick, mortar and wood are gathered together; a location upon the generous bosom of mother Earth is chosen; and the endeavor to make an idea manifest takes place.

For some, the desire, the idea, the mental picture never takes form. For others, *compromise* with the pure vision results in a manifestation less than the perfection of the original design. It depends fundamentally upon the amount of pure, unselfish love and the amount of faith that is poured forth from the feelings of those who have been stirred by the desire to establish a home on Earth. The motive behind all manifestation as well as the capacity to hold the desired pattern until it is manifest will be determining factors in the actual dwelling drawn forth from the invisible. After all, everything is drawn from the invisible (where it is born first as an idea in some mind) into the visible. The home is no exception.

The service of the home to mankind is akin to the service of the church insofar as that home becomes a source of peace, comfort, protection, inspiration, solace and abundance of every good thing.

All of the life in tree, in stone, in steel, is intelligent, contributing to the shelter and the very being of the home. Let us be grateful for the so called inanimate substance, willing to give of itself and be flexible enough to make a man's idea and the architect's plan a substantial reality.

In a well-loved poem it is stated that "it takes a heap of livin' in a house to make a home." How true! When the home is first conceived in the minds and hearts of one or more individuals, it begins to take on the personality of its creators. It is the combined nature of all who think about it, work upon it, and finally all who live within it.

Men and women are constantly thinking thoughts and radiating feelings into the atmosphere around them. Except for the hours of merciful sleep, no human mind is still. These thoughts and feelings have form, color, sound and size, depending upon the type of thoughts and the nature of the feelings created and sent forth by mankind. For instance if a man

thinks impure thoughts, little forms the exact shape of his mental picture are created in the atmosphere around him. The intensity of his feeling poured into these little pictures determines their strength, color and size. The nature of the thoughts, colored by feeling, create a radiation (a vibration) of sound. Many people have said that certain colors are "loud", touching on a universal truth.

There is a Guardian Spirit of every home! It is a self-conscious, intelligent Being. This pure Spirit begins to absorb the thoughts, feelings, words and actions of the people who are first creating that home and who later live within that dwelling. The form and color of these thoughts and feelings actually register upon the garments of this Being. Thus there is builded through the years a real character to the Spirit of the Home which influences the daily living of all who abide therein. Any sensitive person, standing upon its threshold, feels either a loving, gentle, welcoming Presence or a repellant, inhospitable feeling from that home. All who live therein are responsible for what they contribute to create and maintain a Presence of happiness, harmony, purity, kindness and hospitality.

Individuals who move into a home which has been previously occupied by those who have left feelings of depression, inharmony, confusion and limitation are often engulfed in those vibrations. These outpicture as similar living conditions in their daily experience. People often do not know that they can consciously remedy these conditions. The purification of the Spirit of the home by the new occupants should be a ceremony of daily holy and cooperative endeavor.

Often there is one or more members within a household who will not contribute to the creation of a peaceful and harmonious atmosphere. Conversely, *if there is one* individual in the home who desires its God perfection *and determines to have it, that one* is more powerful than *any* negative influence. "One with God is a majority". Through such a constructive individual, with God's help, can manifest seeming miracles. Through these can be achieved the purification, sublimation and redemption of the natures of those who are not desirous of so cooperating.

Through the centuries, there have been good men and

women everywhere who have affirmed and felt deeply in their hearts that their homes belonged to God. It would be a very wonderful thing if you were to consciously turn over to God your house the Spirit of the home and the family which it guards. This will enable the Father to begin His miracle-working transformation through the lives of all who abide in that home as well as upon the Spirit of the home itself.

From the home go forth the children to school; often one or more parents to business. Each member of the home is endowed by God to contribute to society some gift, talent or service. If there is not harmony, security, faith, love and understanding in the home, that service will be impeded by the conflicting vibrations that disturb its members. If there is a conscious, positive, loving Presence within that home, its members will be nourished and prepared for their service—daily, weekly, yearly—in the outer world. Thus the home renders a great service in the progress and development of the entire race. The home-makers who can accept this opportunity to make of every home a Sanctuary, wherein dwells the Lord of Life, are wise indeed.

If you have a phonograph it is very helpful to arrange for at least a fifteen minute period of good music to charge the home with the positive vibrations of peace and harmony. "The Lord's Prayer" or devotional music of any kind consciously accepted and charged into the rooms, the walls, the very atmosphere of the home by one individual can do much to sublimate imperfect vibrations. If there are members of the household who are not yet in harmony with spiritual things, it is wise *to render this devotional service while they are not at home.* Resistance and rebellions set up as cross-currents to the endeavor of an individual desiring to sanctify the home, make for greater obstacles to overcome in rendering such services.

The words of the lovely song, "Bless this House,' by May Brahe-Helen Taylor, together with the daily use of the suggested prayer at the end of this article will do much to purify the Spirit of the home and this blessing will be felt, absorbed and finally expressed by all who are fortunate enough to live within the home of one who desires to render this service.

"Bless this house, Oh Lord, we pray,
Make it safe by night and day;
Bless these walls so firm and stout,
Keeping want and trouble out;
Bless the roof and chimneys tall,
Let Thy peace lie over all;
Bless this door that it may prove
Ever open to joy and love.

Bless these windows shining bright,
Letting in God's heavenly light;
Bless the hearth ablazing there
With smoke ascending like a prayer;
Bless the folks who dwell within,
Keep them pure and free from sin;
Bless us all that we may be
Fit, Oh Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Bless us all that one day we
May dwell, Oh Lord, with Thee!"

MAY TAYLOR

SUGGESTED PRAYER

In the Name and Love of the Presence of God everywhere present, I now consciously bless the Spirit of this home. I thank and bless that Spirit for Its watchful care of us all, for all Its blessings and protection given of which the outer selves of all who live here know nothing.

I call into action the fire of God's pure forgiving love in thru and around that lovely Spirit and ask that It be released from every unpleasantness imposed upon It in the past. I ask the Heavenly Father for illumination and whatever other help I require to keep the atmosphere of this home as clean and harmonious as possible. In this way the Guardian Spirit can better co-operate with us all, give us greater protection, help us to have better health and happiness and this, in turn, will bring a more prosperous condition of affairs in the supply of money and every good thing. Most Holy Father God, Heavenly Father of us all, answer this call and keep that answer sustained until it appears as a daily manifestation of the perfection we desire to express. So be it, in His Name!

GRATITUDE

As an Antidote for Self Pity and Depression

Gratitude is a positive power, an actual cooperation of the mind and feelings, often coupled with physical action. There are times in the life of every man and woman when the vicissitudes of life cause the spiritual fire of faith and enthusiasm to ebb low and the soul to become weighted with the cares and problems of the day. At such times, each man faces a fork on the cross-road of life. He may wallow in the indulgence of self-pity or he may use his same energies of thought and feeling to build for his soul new wings upon which to rise above circumstances. When one has so risen, looking down upon the obstacle, they seem small *in proportion* to the goodness of God as expressed through the years in his daily life.

Nature abhors a vacuum. Men were made to think and feel and spurred on by such thoughts and feelings he often performs acts of an uplifting or exalted nature. Then on the returning cycle of life he experiences either the exaltation of work well done or the remorse for foolish actions.

When the storm clouds of life hang low, when the individual experiences weigh heavily on the burdened soul, wise is the man who practices the exercises that create both thoughts and feelings of gratitude for the gifts of life.

Unfortunately, the daily stresses that weigh heavily upon the soul often fill the mind and feelings with an importance out of all proportion to the good that has poured from the kindly hands and heart of God and His ministering representatives through the years. A little time of retrospection will reveal how good has been the Presence of God. Every man, woman and child *has much for which to be grateful!* Gratitude is not an activity of the mind alone, although the mind will serve to bring to remembrance the kindnesses, the mercies of God. *Gratitude is primarily an attitude of feeling.* This must be cultivated, especially when the soul is stirred by distress. Such practice does give relief to the feelings, inspiration to the mind, peace to the spirit and health to the body. Perhaps you know that the Chinese word for "crises" has two characters—the first character means "danger"; the second means "opportunity." Thus every experience of life truly can be either an impending disaster or an opportunity to fashion out of experience greater strength, endurance, tolerance, mercy and love.

Every member of the family and of one's business and social contacts has performed some service, through the common gift of God's life, for which one can be honestly and sincerely grateful. If one will ask God to reveal the "thread of gold" amid the dross of a human personality, God will not fail to answer that one and expand that perfection, with gratitude for its presence. Tying one's energies into an active feeling of gratitude for such service, such virtue, such manifestation of goodness, the individual may soar above the aggravations, the self-pity, and the depressions that short-circuit his own line to the Source of All-Good. The individual toward whom another desires to express gratitude may not, of necessity, have performed a direct personal service toward that particular personality. If one is constructively serving life in any capacity, another individual can consciously send forth thoughts and feelings of gratitude to that one for such service.

A beautiful and rewarding way to start one's day is to send forth gratitude to God just for the presence of life, for the forces of the elements—the sun, water, air and the good Earth. It lifts the soul closer to the Throne of God. The following prayer provides a fine lever for the heart's praises and into it each individual may weave those particular benefactions which life has given to him alone.

Suggested Prayer for daily use:

"My deepest gratitude I send
To my God Presence dear;
I thank Him for my beating heart
That makes me know He's near.

I thank Him for His sunshine bright,
For land and air and sea;
I thank Him for my home, my friends,
And *all He's given me.*

Increase my gratitude, dear Lord,
And make me able to
Inspire all life I contact
To grateful be to You!

THERE IS NO DEATH!

In a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, quite a few years ago, there lived a young widow by the name of Mary Quinn, with her young and lovely daughter, Anne. The father of the family had passed on quite young, leaving his wife and daughter moderately well provided for. At least, Mary did not have to seek employment away from home but could be a loving companion and protective guardian to the little girl through her growing years. The mother and child were inseparable—just adored each other—and the passing of the father naturally drew them even more closely together.

The school which Anne attended was not far from their home and both mother and daughter eagerly looked forward to each lunch time when they could be together for a short while in the middle of the day.

One day, when Anne was about ten years of age, she was suddenly stricken with scarlet fever and in a few days "died" (as most people would say). This was indeed a great shock to the mother who was just about overcome with grief. The mother had but one living relative whom she scarcely ever saw so this was a real "loss" to her. For several months after the passing of the child Mary Quinn would set the lunch table at noon—just as always—just as though she expected Anne home from school. Then, sitting in her accustomed place each day, she would try to imagine Anne in hers, as they had always done. Before lunch time was over, however, this little scene always ended the same way—with Mary burying her head in her folded arms on the table, giving way to a good, long cry. When that was over, she would sadly clear away the luncheon things, only to repeat the same procedure next day.

Now, as we said above, this was the only experience of its kind Mary ever had. She was not a particularly religious person, nor was she accustomed to "seeing things" not seen by the average man or woman with their normal sight. This is what makes this story all the more real and true to the reader.

One day, while giving way to this paroxysm of grief for what she thought was the "loss" of her only child, while her head was still buried in her folded arms, Mary Quinn felt something or someone in the room. There was a definite "hush" in the atmosphere and the feeling of a Presence, although she thought she was alone in the house. Looking up,

with tears still streaming down her face, she saw the Master Jesus in white robes standing there in the dining room, holding her own darling Anne by the hand. Their forms were very clear and distinct—nothing "hazy" about them—and Mary knew in her heart that they were real.

The child did not look happy as she spoke to her mother, saying: "Mother dear, your grief and tears are keeping me from progressing in the place where I now live. I would like to go higher. Won't you help me? The "pull" of your grief is so great that it is interfering with my happiness". Then, smiling sweetly, the child and the Master Jesus disappeared.

Later, Mary Quinn told me that the whole feeling of grief she had had was removed that moment, never to return. From that day forward she knew a joy she had never experienced before and she lived many years after that experience, alone in her daily life, but serenely conscious and confident within herself that her darling was "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and that—THERE IS NO DEATH!

Lead, Kindly Light!

A gentleman with whom I work has that strong faith and natural reverence for God which he brings into his daily living. Among the construction men working with us he always takes time to say grace before his meals, to openly acknowledge God.

One night he was required to visit a project after dark. To save time he took a short cut through a cemetery. It was a dark night and difficult to see a path very far ahead. Suddenly a voice *within him* said: "Why are you going through here without a light?" He stopped just where he was, obedient to the prompting of the still small voice within and struck a match . . . Not a foot before him yawned the deep, unprotected pit of a newly dug grave into which he would have helplessly fallen if it were not for this warning.

Always, when one walks with his hand in God's the Ever-Presence is protecting, guarding, prompting. Each of us carries this "kindly light" within our hearts. To those who listen to it, so many of the vicissitudes of daily living may be wisely and carefully turned to blessings . . . O.C. Philadelphia.

(NOTE: *If you have had experiences of the protecting power and the healing Presence of God that you would like to share with others to strengthen their faith, please send your contributions to HOPE, P. O. Box # 5, Flourtown, Pennsylvania. As space permits, we shall print some of the experiences in this column to the glory of God and the inspiration of your fellowman*).

THE CHALICE OF COMFORT

"Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—*Jesus*

"Cling thou to Me!
Clasp Me with heart and mind! so shalt thou dwell
Surely with Me on high. But if thy thought
Droops from such height: if thou be'st weak to set
Body and soul upon Me constantly,
Despair not! Give me lower service! Seek
To reach Me, worshipping with steadfast will;
And if thou canst not worship steadfastly,
Work for me. Toil in works pleasing to Me!
For he that laboreth well for love of Me
Shall finally attain. But if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure, find
Refuge in Me! let fruits of labor go,
Renouncing all for Me. With lowliest heart
So shalt thou come; for tho to know is more
Than diligence, yet worship better is
Than knowing and renouncing better still.
Near to renunciation—very near—
Dwelleth Eternal Peace"

Song Celestial SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

Meditating upon my reason for being, the following comforting Truths revealed themselves to me:

"Divine love is the cohesive power of the Universe and therefore is the Divine Omnipresence of all things. The Name of that Divine Presence is "I AM" and that consciousness reveals thy individuality wherever thou art within this Universe to which thou doest belong.

An individualized focus of that "I AM" dwells within the throne-room of thine own being,—within thy beating heart. Through the magnetic power of that Presence thou dost draw thy breath of life and live, move and have thy being. In this way thou dost use the energy of My life according to thine own will. Because "I AM", thou art!

Cling thou unto Me, abiding within My will. Clasp me unto thy heart and with all thy mind, endeavor to become the image and likeness of thine own Divinity. If it seems thou canst not yet become that image, then seek Me in reverence and humility. In the worshipful heart is the magnetic power to draw thee unto Me.

If it be that the blindness of thy mortal senses prevents thy worship, then work for Me in service to thy fellowmen. Thine own labors of love will bring thee unto Me. If through thy labors thou still hast failed to find Me, seek refuge within My feeling of love for thee. Then My peace shall fill thy soul. Renouncing "self," thou shalt at last know the feeling and manifestations of my peace. Each new day, enter again into the contemplation of thine own Divinity. Abide with Me and know that thou and I art ONE. In that consciousness there is healing for thy ills, solace for thy grief, illumination for thy mind which brings complete understanding.

All the perfection which "I AM" even now abides within the "Secret Place of the Most High" within thy beating heart—YOUR PERSONAL "CHALICE OF COMFORT."—M. M.

"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name (My nature), there I am in the midst of them."—Jesus.

At the first Whitsuntide, the disciples were gathered together in that little "Upper Room" in ONE consciousness, with ONE purpose and then, in that unity, the "Spirit of the Lord" came upon them and They received great blessings.

In like unity of consciousness, all those who now desire healing of their bodies, minds and affairs; harmony and peace in their homes and worlds; the manifestation of money and every good thing in their hands and use and the illumination of their minds, are invited to meet (mentally) in consciousness with others of like intent at the same time they meet.

Every Tuesday evening from 7 to 10 o'clock P.M. and daily from 7 to 8 o'clock A.M. (both Eastern Daylight Time), groups of dedicated men and women meet together and lovingly place all human problems in the hands of the Heavenly Father, invoking all His help to solve those problems and remove all their attendant distresses. If each individual desiring such assistance will observe these periods as a "quiet" time in his or her own home (adjusting the time in their locality to meet the hours above), they will be sure to feel the "sweet anointing from above." Try this! Wherever you are, enter into this consciousness regularly with these groups for a few weeks. You will feel the added assistance to your own endeavors. Then be sure to "keep on keeping on" until your world and affairs are all that you desire. Remember "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success!" God bless you!

LOOKING AHEAD IN EDUCATION

II—Synthesizing Cultures (the East and West)

"East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" may have reflected somewhat the general opinion when Kipling wrote his ballad of the "East and West" and produced his novel, *Kim*. At that time, national boundaries were sharp and feelings of exclusive patriotism ran high. However, the rugged experiences of more recent years have taken us far afield from our individual worlds and impelling circumstances have placed side by side peoples of all nations and all creeds. The introvert East and the aggressive West *have* met. We are beginning to evolve from our man-made walls. Our feelings of intramural sufficiency are past. The times demand it.

Hitherto, we have looked upon the East and West, each with its separate civilization, complete and sufficient unto itself, having little in common with one another. Since we have penetrated the Orient, seeking markets for our mechanical devices and since we have brought back to the West the enriched philosophy and religion of Oriental tradition, we are beginning to see that we are *one* humanity, dual in nature, with two, divergent cultures, each leaning excessively in its own direction.

It is obvious that no half of anything is complete within itself. Be the flower ever so beautiful and its fragrance ever so pleasing, it is of no benefit to mankind if it remains dormant within the seed; nor can there be a blossom of perfection unless the generative pattern is without blemish in its structure. Impression without expression is embryonic; while action, without meditation upon the sealed message which the Creator places within one's hands at birth (gifts and talents), is abortive. An organism thrives best when its *receiving* and *giving* powers work in perfect balance.

The great Orient represents in its own consciousness the feminine aspect of the Deity, the consciousness in which is embodied all the known knowledge of the Cosmic Law awaiting the great drive of the Occident to bring that knowledge into actual manifest form for the blessing of the mass of mankind. The East and West are complements of each other; each, though distinctive in its service, needs to be cooperative in endeavor.

It is expedient that we rise above provincialism, acquiring a perspective that is Cosmic. As our consciousness evolves, we

become more universal in our understanding. As long as we remain within the limitations of our self-sufficiency, looking upon other cultures as unrelated fragments of civilizations; as long as we judge the Orient and Occident by external appearances; as long as we depend upon *theories* of brotherhood to make us charitable toward one another, so long shall we foster differences among us. Nor can we expect to bring fragments of humanity together into a harmonious unity by attempting to neutralize the differences among its parts. We must cease being spectators judging from *without;* but by experience from *within* feel the oneness of all life.

All great teachers who have brought Truth to mankind have been Sons of the one universal Father. If Their messages seem to differ, the difference was not of fundamental principle, but in the outer appearance which was fashioned according to the need of the age and the consciousness of the people who were to receive the instruction. God is One and infinitely greater than any specific aspect of Himself, which has been channelled to mankind through any one of its avatars.

Age upon age, when humanity has enveloped itself in the cocoon of its own making, these Teachers have come, magnetizing the God-life within the cocoon. They draw aside the veil with which that humanity has enfolded itselves, until—if it wills it—it may spread its spiritual wings and soar again in freedom to its Source—the Father of all.

The more we raise our consciousness to the universality of the Father do we transcend our man-made concepts of differences among men. Alliance must come from within.

Says Jesus, "As a man thinketh *in his heart* (feelings) so is he," while Oriental Scripture reads, "What a man thinks, that he becomes."

A friend once said to Emerson, "I have studied all the religions of the world and am now convinced that Christianity is the only one." To which our New England philosopher replied, "That only shows, my friend, *how narrowly you have read them.*" Continues he, "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same mind (and should be an outlet also). He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what has at any time befallen any man, he can understand.